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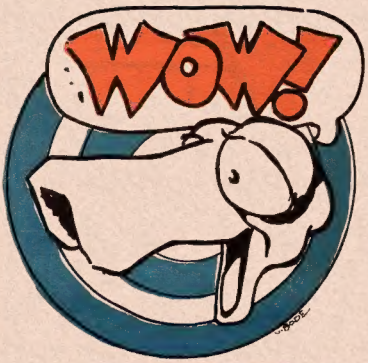

Dr. Peeper

"THE ARTFUL DEPARTURE OF THE JIVINGEST, MOST BELOVED, LEFT-LEANING TOAD IN DA' U.S.A"... ©1969

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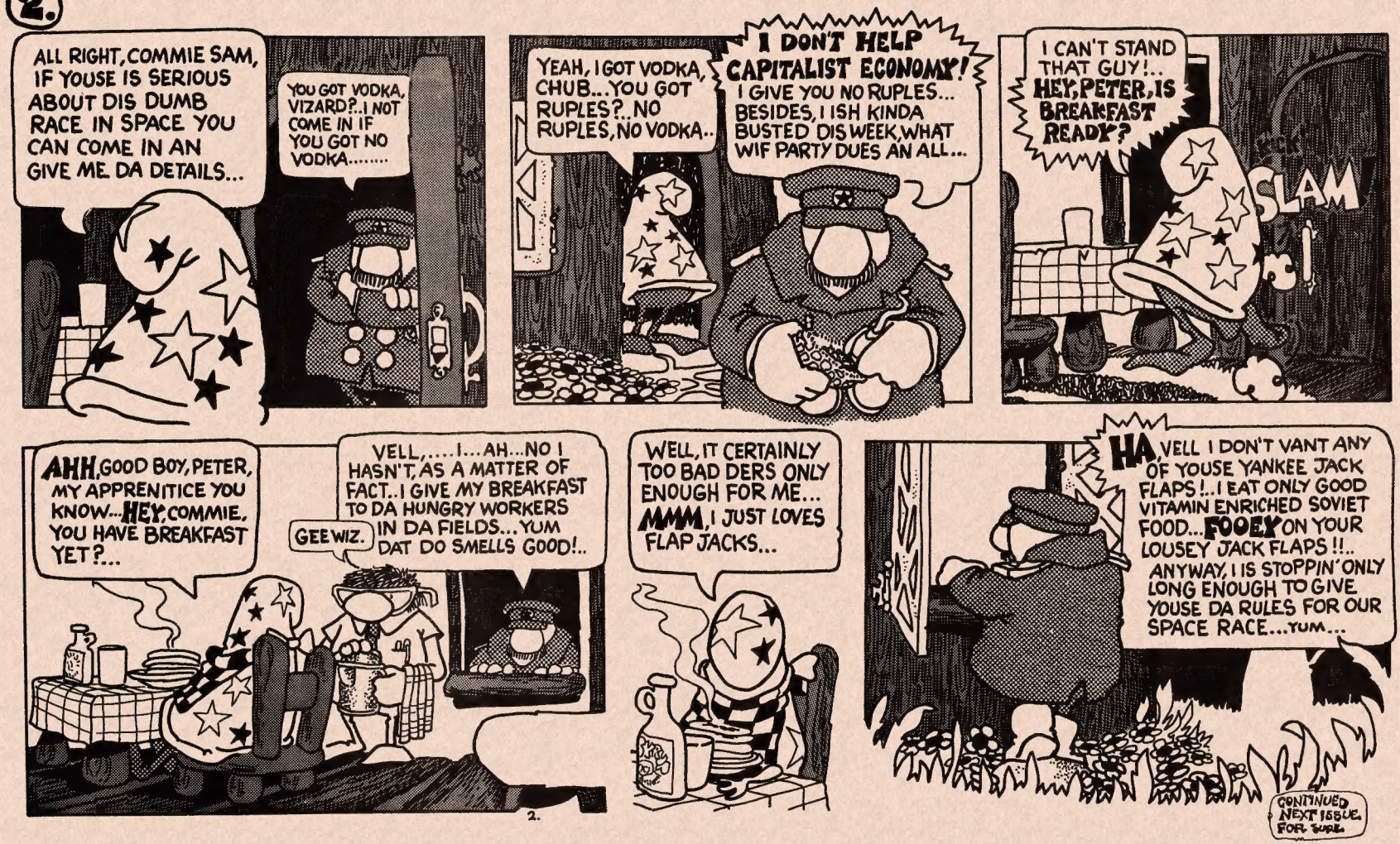
1. CHEECH WIZARD "THE RACE TO THE MOON"

BY VAUGHN BODE'


2.
ALL RIGHT, COMMIE SAM, IF YOUSE IS SERIOUS ABOUT DIS DUMB RACE IN SPACE YOU CAN COME IN AN GIVE ME DA DETAILS...
YOU GOT VODKA, VIZARD?..I NOT COME IN IF YOU GOT NO VODKA.....
YEAH, I GOT VODKA, CHUB...YOU GOT RUPLES?..NO RUPLES, NO VODKA..
I DON'T HELP CAPITALIST ECONOMY! I GIVE YOU NO RUPLES... BESIDES, I ISH KINDA BUSTED DIS WEEK, WHAT WIF PARTY DUES AN ALL...
I CAN'T STAND THAT GUY!.. HEY, PETER, IS BREAKFAST READY?
SLAM
AHH, GOOD BOY, PETER, MY APPRENITICE YOU KNOW...HEY, COMMIE, YOU HAVE BREAKFAST YET?...
VELL,....I...AH...NO! HASN'T, AS A MATTER OF FACT..I GIVE MY BREAKFAST TO DA HUNGRY WORKERS IN DA FIELDS...YUM DAT DO SMELLS GOOD!..
GEE WIZ.
WELL, IT CERTAINLY TOO BAD DERS ONLY ENOUGH FOR ME... MMM, I JUST LOVES FLAP JACKS...
HA, VELL I DON'T VANT ANY OF YOUSE YANKEE JACK FLAPS!..I EAT ONLY GOOD VITAMIN ENRICHED SOVIET FOOD...FOOEY ON YOUR LOUSEY JACK FLAPS!!.. ANYWAY, I IS STOPPIN' ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE YOUSE DA RULES FOR OUR SPACE RACE...YUM...
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE. FOR SURE.
2.

AS A RISING YOUNG IBM EXECUTIVE "ON-THE-GO", I WAS A "WASHOUT"!... UNTIL S+M TAUGHT ME HOW TO

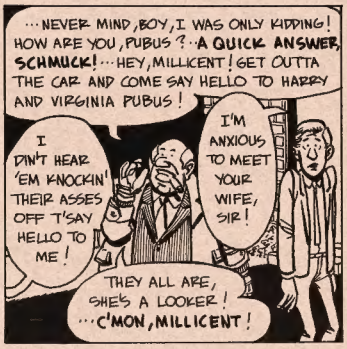
LICK THE BOSS'S ASS!

A true story from S+M's files, from HARRY PUBUS of Manhattan!

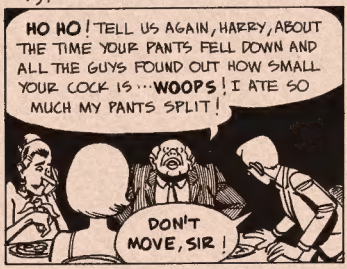
© Roger Brand, S+M archivist, 1969

BOY, DID I HAVE THE JITTERS! OLD "B.S." HIMSELF, COMING TO MY HOUSE FOR DINNER, FOR THE FIRST TIME!

WHEN THE BOSS ARRIVED, I WAS SO NERVOUS I "HAD AN ACCIDENT"! WHAT A START! I WISHED I WAS DEAD!



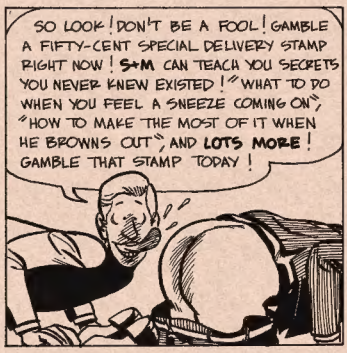
I FELT SO BAD I ALMOST "HAD ANOTHER ACCIDENT"! BUT AS THE EVENING WORE ON, ENTIRELY AT MY EXPENSE (AND I DESERVED IT!), FINALLY... MY BREAK CAME!



THIS WAS MY CHANCE! I MUST NOT "MUFF" IT!

WHEN I WAS FINISHED, THE BOSS KNEW I WAS "ON THE BEAM" WHEN I TALKED ABOUT AROMA AND BOUQUET. S+M TOLD ME THAT ONLY A PROPERLY AGED ANUS, LIKE MY BOSS', COULD HAVE SUCH SPLENDID QUALITIES.

NOW, I'M AN ASSISTANT VICE-PRES, AT A **SUBSTANTIAL INCREASE IN SALARY**! I'M IN A POSITION OF PRESTIGE IN THE COMMUNITY... HAVING FUN, TOO!

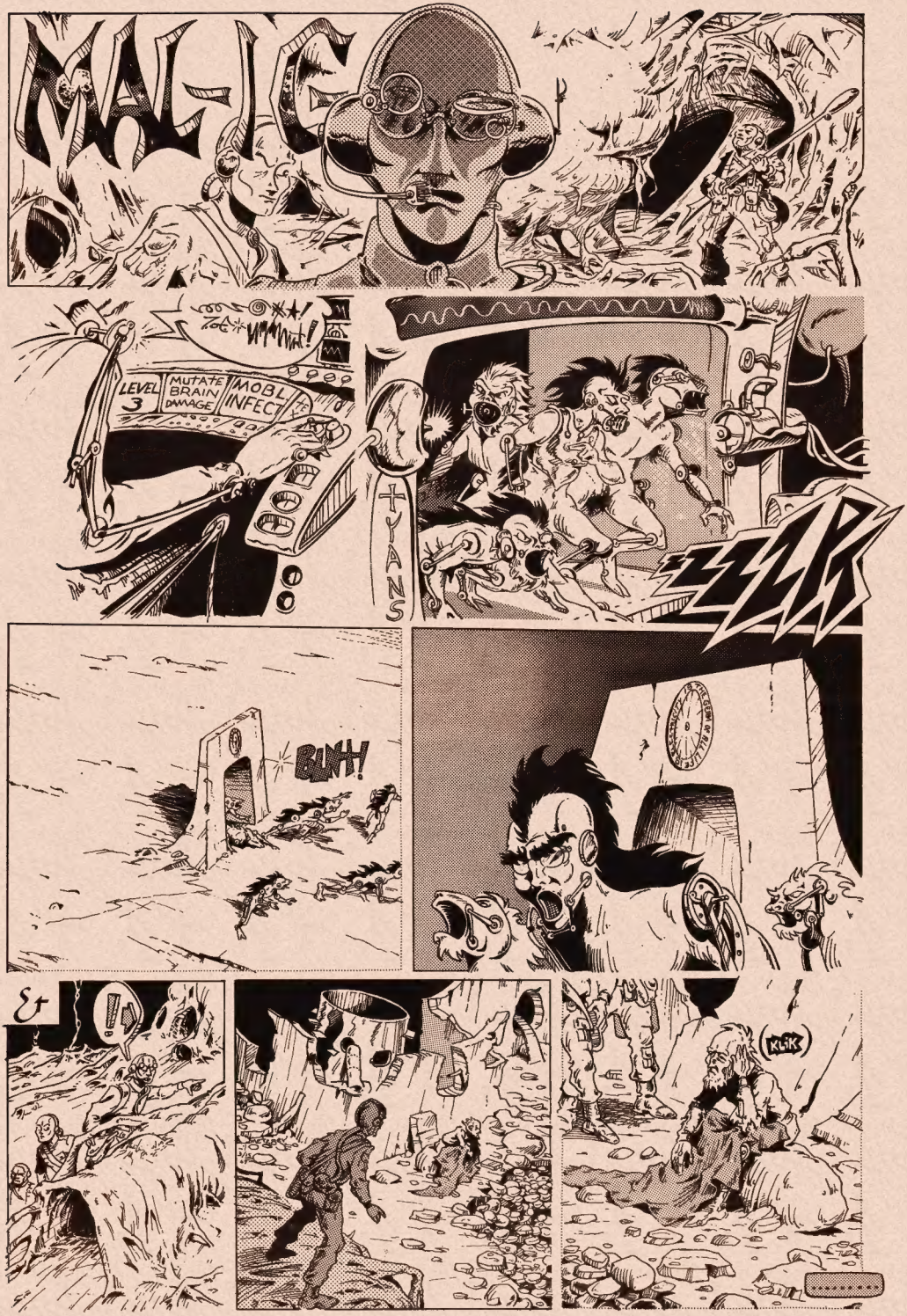


YES! MY TONGUES A-ITCHIN'... I WANT TO CASH **FAT JUICY CHECKS** AND BE A **BIG BREADWINNER** IN THE "SUCTION" GAME! SEND ME YOUR **FREE SAMPLE KIT**! ...I'M A-DROOLIN'!

NAME (OR OTHER HUMILIATING DESIGNATION) _____

PLACE WHERE YOU CAN BE CONTACTED (...WITHOUT OUR MESSENGER BEING SPAT ON) _____

DO WE SOUND CONTEMPTUOUS? ...NO SUCH THING! WE AIN'T FORGETTING... **YOU'RE PATRIOTIC!**

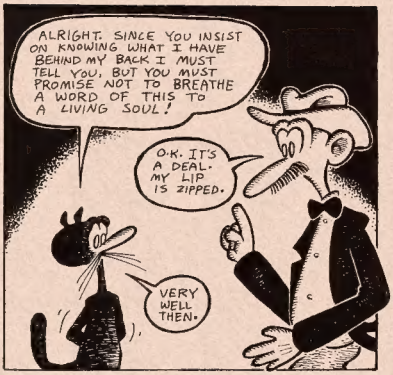

MAL-IC
LEVEL 3
MUTATE BRAIN DAMAGE
MOBL INFECT
TYANS
BLAH!
KLIK

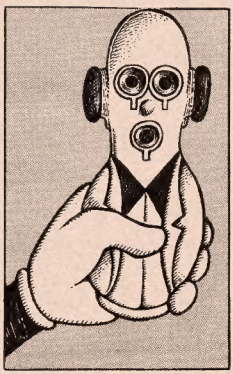
mal-ig. 456
x=?
?
1 ✓
abcde
(KLIK!)
1
metzger

FEELIN' GLUM AN' BLOOZEY? WELL GET SET FOR SOME HIGH FREQUENCY LAFFS THAT'LL PERK UP YER SPIRITS AN' UNZIP YER OL' LIBIDOS! READY OR NOT, HERE THEY COME! ITS...

NARD N PAT

by JAYZEY LYNCH

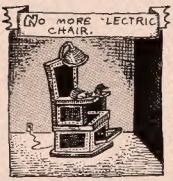


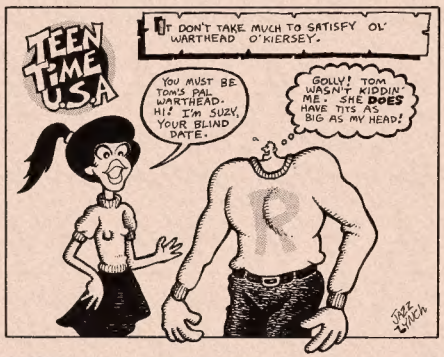


WITH A BOP-BOPPA-LUBOP-A-LOP-BOP-BOOM! IT'S...

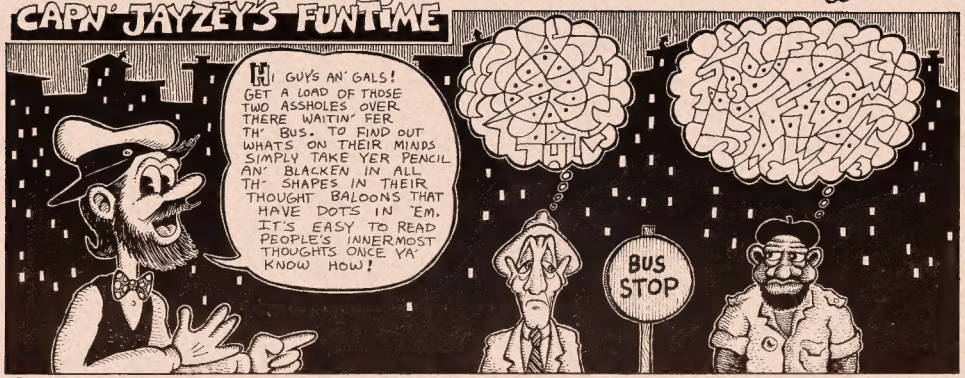
REVOLUTIONARY RHYTHM

by Abbigail Van Hoffman





CAPN' JAYZEY'S FUNTIME

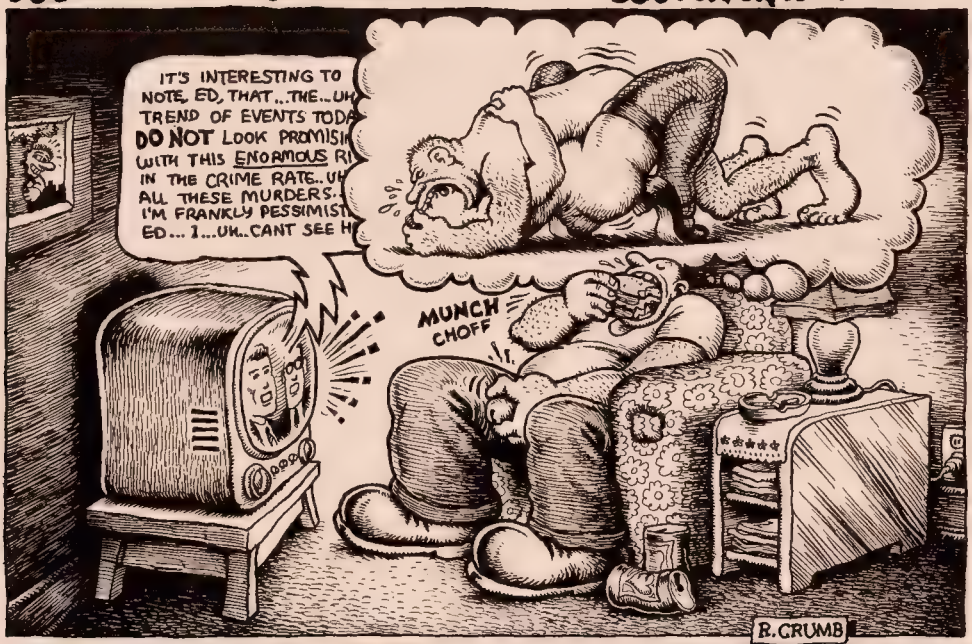


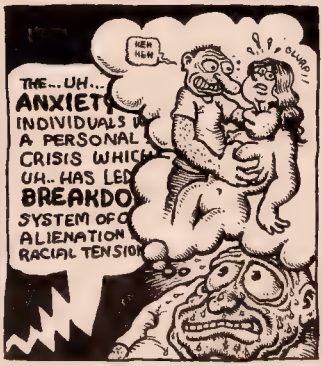
©1969 JAY LYNCH

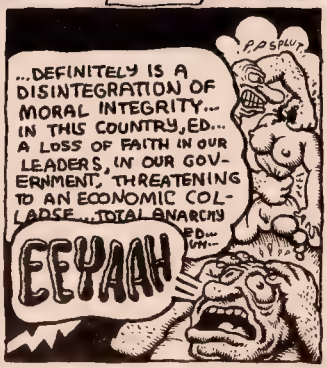
The Darkling Plain
HAWK BHOB DAYDOCK
MINSTREL! I BEG YOU WAIT UP A MOMENT AND TELL ME — WHAT NEWS HAVE YOU OF SIR FLETCHER?
I'M AFRAID I HAVE NONE AT ALL. NOR HAVE I HEARD ANY FROM OTHERS OF OUR BAND. I DREAD THE CONCLUSION, OF COURSE, BUT IT SEEMS INES— CAPABLE... SIR FLETCHER IS NO LONGER AMONG THE LIVING. I FEAR SORCERESS WANDALENE HAS INVOKED HER AWE— SOME MAGIC AND EMSPELLED HIM.
MINSTREL PERCE FEARS SIR FLET— CHER'S LIFE IS NO MORE...
NONSENSE! I REFUSE TO BELIEVE THAT. THE FORCES OF GOOD ARE MORE POWERFUL THAN THOSE OF EVIL. SIR FLETCHER LIVES ON, I SAY!
BELIEVE WHAT YOU WILL, MAN OF THE SWORD. BUT, ALAS, I DO NOT SHARE YOUR HOPES.
MY TROOPS FIGHT BRAVELY AGAINST WANDA— LENE'S MINIONS. LET ME TELL YOU—
NO! THERE ARE NO GLORIES IN WAR. NEVER WILL THERE BE EITHER.
AYE.....BUT IT WAS A GRAND BATTLE INDEED. WE MET THE ENCHANTED FORCES OF THE DEMONIC WANDALENE AND ROUTED THEM TO A MAN. NEVER HAVE MINE EYES BEHELD SUCH AN ENCOUNTER. THE SAGES WILL TELL OF THIS DAY FOR CENTURIES TO COME. BUT TOMORROW, AYE, WITH THE DAWN BREAKS A NEW CAMPAIGN AGAINST HER WARRIORS. PERHAPS THE MOST DECISIVE ONE OF ALL...
OOOOOO!
END

SILVER
2d
GUIDER
STORIES & COMICS
PRESENTED BY
FEATURING
CYRIL
THE TRAVELLING VEGETABLE
CELERYMAN
MARC ARGENEAUX
"AH BE DESTINATION"
"HELLO·HELLO·HELLO"
THE VILLAGE REJOICED FOR EACH YEAR ON THE TWELFTH MOON
CYRIL ARRIVES AND GOES WITH NEAFER TO THE MOUNTAIN
THE SMILE THAT YOU SMILE
GLOBE
RETURNS BACK TO YOU-SA

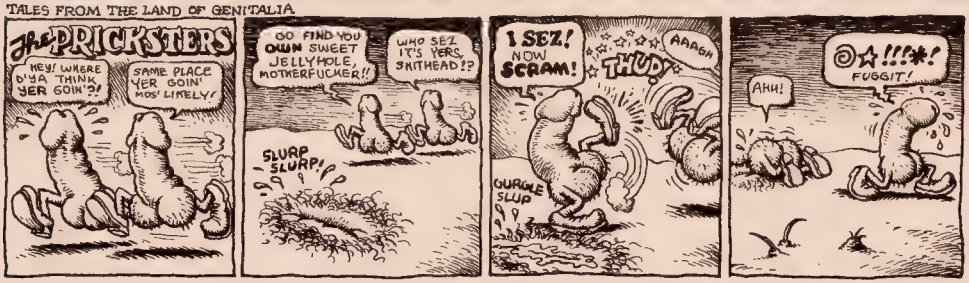
SHOOSHOO BABY





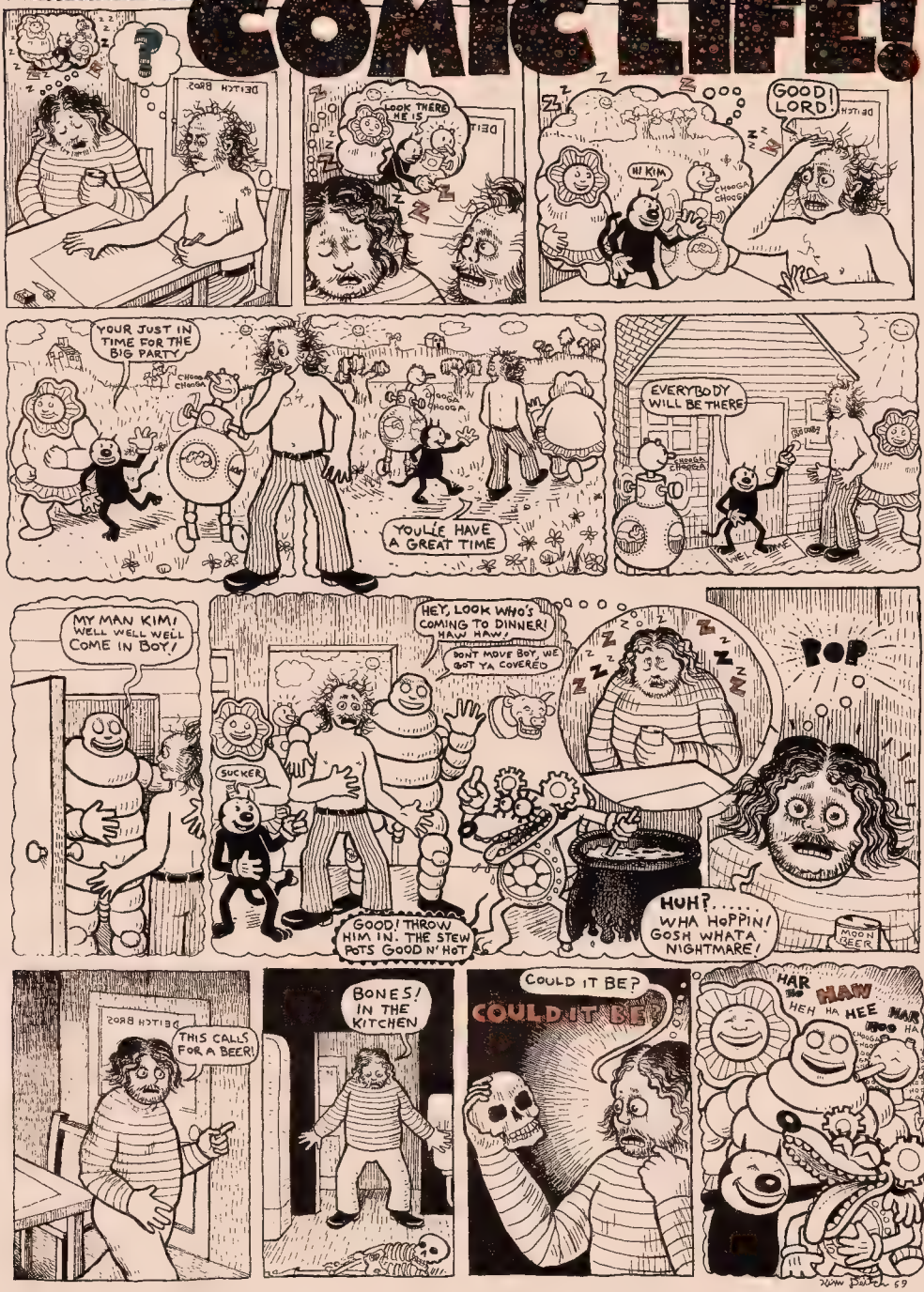


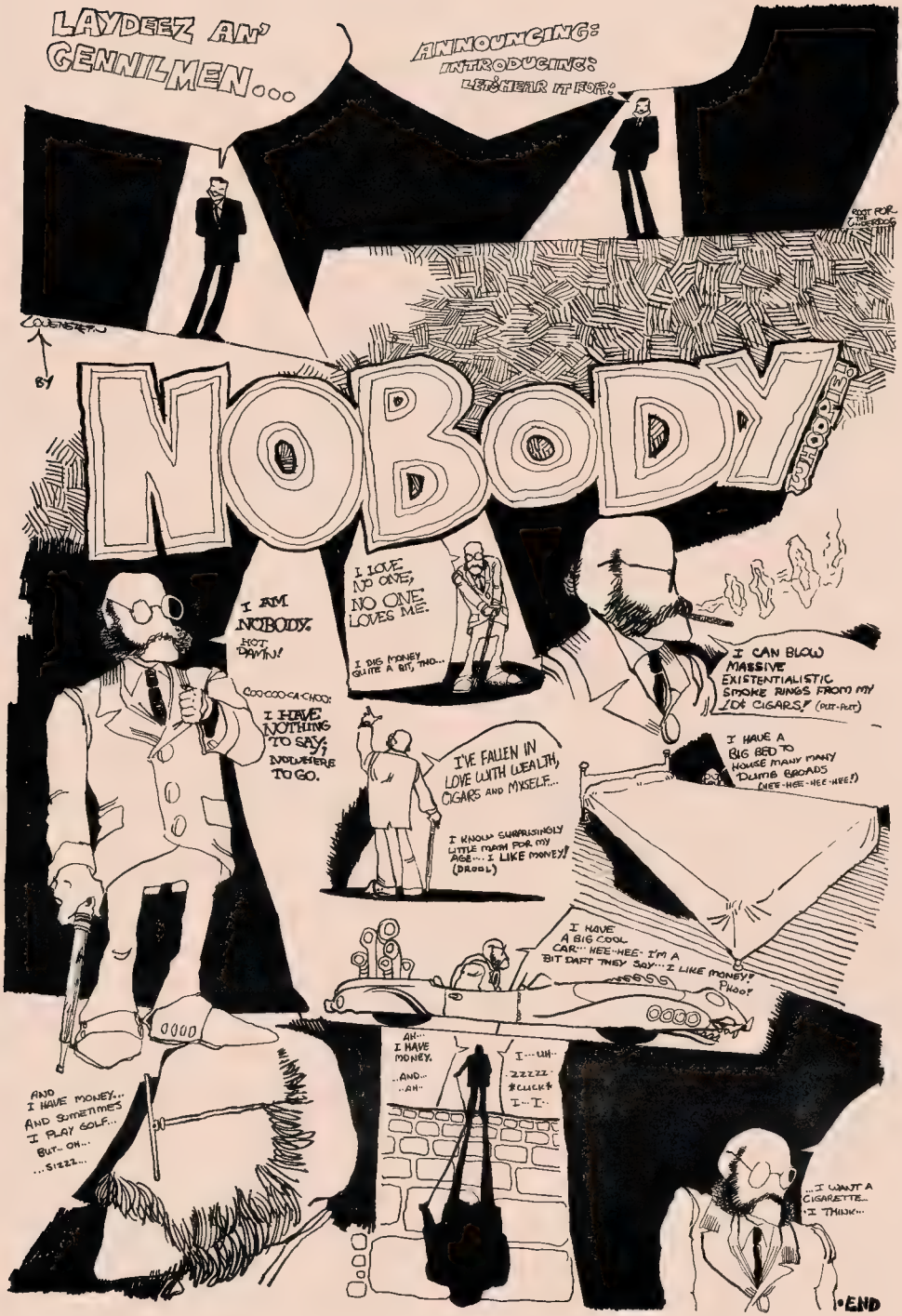
TALES FROM THE LAND OF GENITALIA

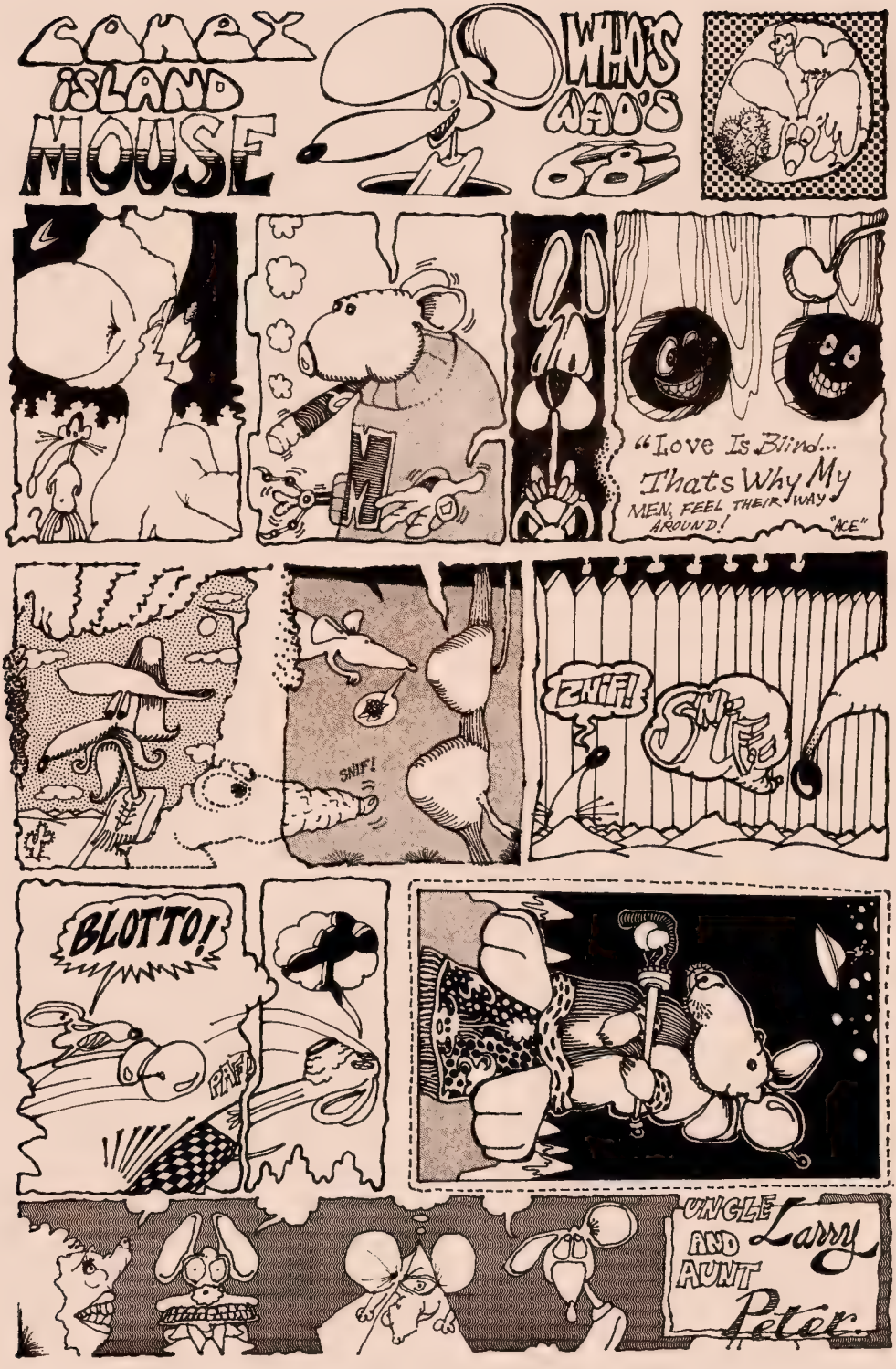


TO SEE THE WORLD IN A GRAIN OF SAND,
AND HEAVEN IN A WILD-FLOWER,
TO HOLD INFINITY IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND
AND ETERNITY IN AN HOUR.
-BILLIE BLAKE
GRAIN of SAND COMIX
©1969 art spiegelman
QUENTIN FESTER SPENDS A DAY IN THE COUNTRY, AND TAKES A MORNING CONSTITUTIONAL...
DO MY EYES AND MIND DECEIVE ME?...
...A POTTY!
WELL, "NEVER PASS A POTTY" MY GRANDMA USED TO SAY.
WHAT'S THIS? I'M BEING SUCKED IN!
LORDY! IT SEEMS THAT THIS TOILET BOWL IS SWALLOWING ME... IT'S MORE THAN PASSING STRANGE. MMM... YES...
IT'S DARK AND DANK AND DEEP IN HERE, AND I DO BELIEVE—
-I'M FALLING!
OOH-HELP! I MAY DIE... I HOPE IT DOESN'T HURT!
A SOFT LANDING! HOW FINE!
WELL, QUENTIN FESTER! FOR THE LOVE OF GROOTCH! YOU'RE OVER THREE HOURS LATE!
FESTORIA
HUNH! (I DONT BELIEVE ALL THIS, AND BESIDES— I WANT TO GO HOME! I MEAN, WHAT NEXT?!)
WHAT NEXT INDEED?!?
TUNE IN NEXT TIME AND FIND OUT!

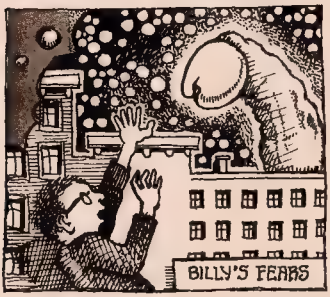
A DAY IN THE COMIC LIFE!

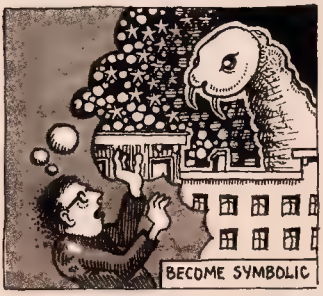


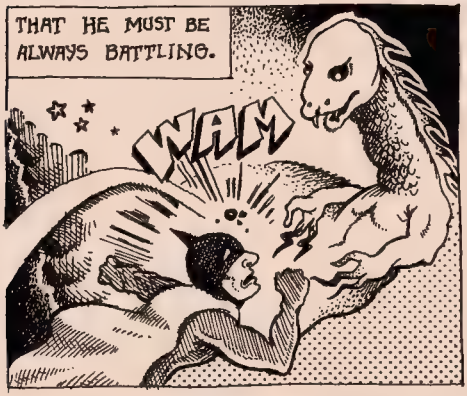

LAYDEEZ AN' GENNILMEN...
ANNOUNCING: INTRODUCING: LET'S HEAR IT FOR:
BOOT FOR... LUDERDOG
COURTESY
BY
NOBODY
LUDERDOG
I LOVE NO ONE; NO ONE LOVES ME.
I DIG MONEY QUITE A BIT, TWO...
I AM NOBODY. HOT DAMN!
COO-COO-CA-CHOO: I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY; NOWHERE TO GO.
I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH WEALTH, CIGARS AND MYSELF...
I KNOW SURPRISINGLY LITTLE MATH FOR MY AGE... I LIKE MONEY! (DROOL)
I CAN BLOW MASSIVE EXISTENTIALISTIC SMOKE RINGS FROM MY 10¢ CIGARS! (PUT-PUT)
I HAVE A BIG BED TO HOUSE MANY MANY DUMB BROADS (HEE-HEE-HEE-HEE!)
I HAVE A BIG COOL CAR... HEE-HEE. I'M A BIT DART THEY SAY... I LIKE MONEY! PHOOT
AND I HAVE MONEY... AND SOMETIMES I PLAY GOLF... BUT... OH... ...SIZZ...
AH... I HAVE MONEY. ...AND... ...AH...
I... UH... ZZZZZ *CLICK* I... I...
...I WANT A CIGARETTE... I THINK...
THE END


CONEY ISLAND MOUSE
WHO'S AAD'S 68
"Love Is Blind... That's Why My MEN FEEL THEIR WAY AROUND!
"ICE"
SNIF!
SNIF!
BLOTTO!
PAFF!
UNCLE AND AUNT
Larry
Peter

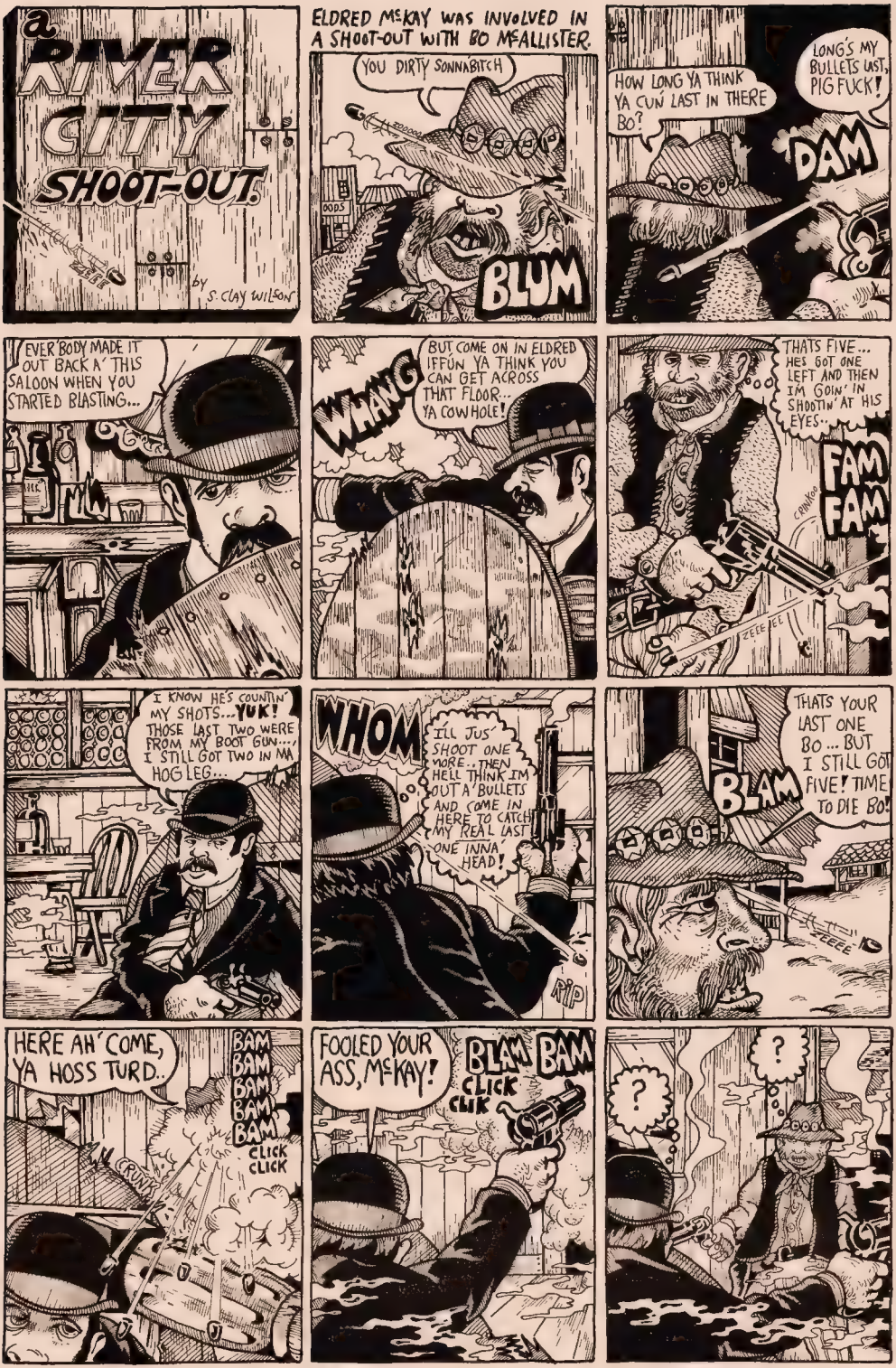
BILLY SMITH IDENTIFIES WITH CAPTAIN SNAZZ BECAUSE CAPTAIN SNAZZ IS A COCKLESS HE-MAN (OR HIS SOCIETY SAYS) AND SO...







ARTIFICIAL LIMBS
"WHEN TRAGEDY STEPS IN...
COME BUY A LIMB."
WORLD'S FIN
M.W. KALUTA
CALL
BOY! THAT GUY WAS REALLY NUTS!


a RIVER CITY SHOOT-OUT
by S. CLAY WILSON
ELDRED McKAY WAS INVOLVED IN A SHOOT-OUT WITH BO McALLISTER.
YOU DIRTY SONNABITCH
BLUM
HOW LONG YA THINK YA CUN LAST IN THERE BO?
LONG'S MY BULLETS LAST, PIG FUCK!
DAM
EVER'BODY MADE IT OUT BACK A' THIS SALOON WHEN YOU STARTED BLASTING...
WHANG
BUT COME ON IN ELDRED IFFUN YA THINK YOU CAN GET ACROSS THAT FLOOR.. YA COWHOLE!
THATS FIVE... HES GOT ONE LEFT AND THEN IM GOIN' IN SHOOTIN' AT HIS EYES..
FAM FAM
I KNOW HE'S COUNTIN' MY SHOTS... YUK! THOSE LAST TWO WERE FROM MY BOOT GUN..., I STILL GOT TWO IN MA HOG LEG...
WHOM
ILL JUS' SHOOT ONE MORE.. THEN HELL THINK IM OUT A' BULLETS AND COME IN HERE TO CATCH MY REAL LAST ONE INNA HEAD!
RIP
BLAM
THATS YOUR LAST ONE BO... BUT I STILL GOT FIVE! TIME TO DIE BO!
HERE AH' COME, YA HOSS TURD..
BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM
CLICK CLICK
FOOLED YOUR ASS, McKAY!
BLAM
CLICK CLIK
BAM
?
?

ON FROM THEIR PERILOUS MISSION FOR MORE DOPE, COME THE REVOLUTIONARIES!

LARRY & TODD'S ZUNVAR INTERGALACTIC UNDERGROUND FUNNY PAPERS!

ON JULLIARD

IN THE 122ND CENTURY! GRAND TALES OF GORE, BLOOD, SEX, DRUGS, VICE, VIOLENCE AN OTHER GROOVY STUFF!

OMEGMA #3

JULLIARD!

TRUISM FOR THE DAY! WELL, HE'LL BE ALIVE AGAIN IN ABOUT 6 HOURS! I WANT TO BAWL HIM OUT NICELY!

MARIATTE? GOT A CORPSE HERE!

WHO IS IT...! OH! WELKER!

YAH! THE DUMB BRUTE GOT HIMSELF KILLED AGAIN!

WELL, LAY HIM OUT, LARCE!

MCA

WHAT IS HE, ANYWAY? THIS IS THE 6TH TIME HES BEEN KILLED!

THOUGH HIS WALKS MAY SEEM QUIXOTIC TO OUTSIDERS, HE IS ONE OF THAT GOOD AND GREAT CLASS OF UTTER NUTS WHO THINK THAT RETRIEVABLE DEATH IS THE GREATEST NATURAL TURN-ON!

TODD

A GOOD CLASS, NOT A GREAT! CLASS! REMEMBER - I'M THE ONE WHO'S GOT TO PUT 'EM BACK TOGETHER WHILE THEY'RE GETTING THEIR JOLLIES!

BUSH! BUSH! BUSH! BUSH!

HOW'S THE SORTING GOING?

OH, DUTTASITE, LARCE! OUR LITTLE VISITING TEAM NOT ONLY SCORED ON TWELVE COPS WHO ARE GOING TO BE A LONG TIME IN THE MED-TANK, BUT WE FOUND 30 FANTASTIC HOLDS OF DOPE!

I'VE HAD A TEAM OF MINI-ROBOTS PICKING OVER THESE DRIED PLANT SAMPLES, AND I'VE BEEN SELECTING RANDOM SAMPLES AND TESTING THEM! I'M GETTING ABOUT ONE WORTHWHILE DRUG-PLANT OUT OF FOUR SAMPLES! HERE, TRY THIS! DRIED AND AGED RED VINE RESIN, HAS AN LSD-HEXYL-SHARIVNOL IN IT AND A FEW OF WHAT LOOK LIKE CANNABINOL RADICALS!

THANKS, JOT!

OH, WOW! LIKE-UH--OOO WIERD HIGH! OOOOO

WOOO! PASS THIS WIERD STUFF AROUND! TRUE ENTERTAINMENT FROM THE GARDEN OF CHEMICAL DELIGHTS!

OKAY! JOT! GET THE ANTARES IMPERATOR CITY SPACE COMMAND ON THE AUTOCOMM! WE CAN'T RISK HAVING A COP STOP US WITH 14 TONS OF DOPE ON BOARD!

THREE DAYS LATER....

HIYA, STANE! WE'RE STONED! HOW ARE YOU?

CONTROL

NAV

WE'RE CLOSING WITH JULLIARD! GET READY TO DROP OFF THE DOPE AT RUBIFERN'S PAD!

NAV

WE'RE CLOSING WITH THE CITY! PREPARE FOR LANDING NEAR RUBIFERN'S PAD!

FUCK!

PREPARE FOR CONVERSION! I'M CHANGING THE SPACE-SHIP INTO A BIG DEPARTMENT STORE TRUCK!

WITH A SUPERSONIC WHINE, THE 'SUN OF ECSTASIASTES' SHIFTS SHAPE LIKE A DRUG NIGHTMARE, OOZING FROM THE OVOID SPACESHIP SHAPE INTO A WEDGE-SHAPED TRUCK WITHOUT DISTURBING ANYBODY INSIDE! IT'S DISGUISE THUS ASSUMED, THE 'SUN OF ECSTASIASTES' HEADS DEEP INTO THE CITY TEN MILES TALL!!

WHINE

DEEP INTO THE MIGHTY CITY THEIR SPACESHIP FLIES, INTO AN AIRSHAFT 1000 FEET HIGH!!

DOMOVNI BRIMS

FINALLY, 3 MILES DEEP IN A MOUNTAINOUS BUILDING, THEY STOP, A GIANT DOOR OPENS, AND THE SHIP IS SAFE!

WHIRRR!

THE REVOLUTIONARIES ARE HOME, THE DOPE IS SAFE, AND EVERYONE'S SATISFIED! BUT NOW, THE STUFF MUST BE CIRCULATED TO AND THE PEOPLE WHO BACKED THE RAID ON DOPE-BALL WORLD! DRUG ORGIES ARE THE BEST WAY TO DO THIS!

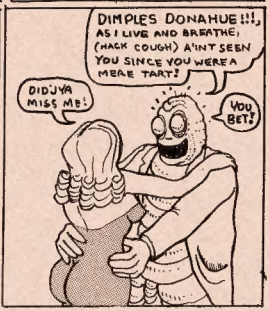
NEXT ISSUE:

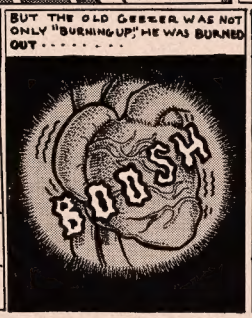
WHEREIN A DOPE ORGIE BEGINS AND THE PEOPLE AGAINST WHOM THE REVOLUTION IS DIRECTED ARE EXPLAINED!

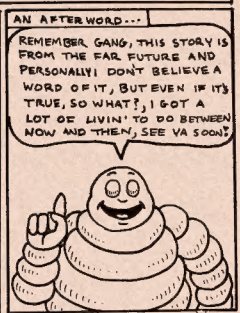
Larry & Todd

CITIZENS OF THE
WELL MAGGIE, LOTS OF MEN DON'T WHITTLE
OVERWORLT
SQEE SQEE SQEE SQEE SQEE SQEE SQEE
IZENS OF
HEBORON CAN BE WRONG
OF COURSE DEAR BUT GOD CANT
IM SORY DR LIFEDARE
WE DO NOT WISH TO DEPRIVE YOU OF ANY FREEDOM EXCEPT THE FREEDOM TO BE IRRESPONSIBLE
NE.TTU MIRRDA LAETU
SPAK
UP AGAINST THE WALL MOFO
INSIDE EVERY MADONA IS A PROSTITUTE SCREAMING TO BE RELEASED
IS ALIEN SEX POSSIBLE?

FUTURE COMICS







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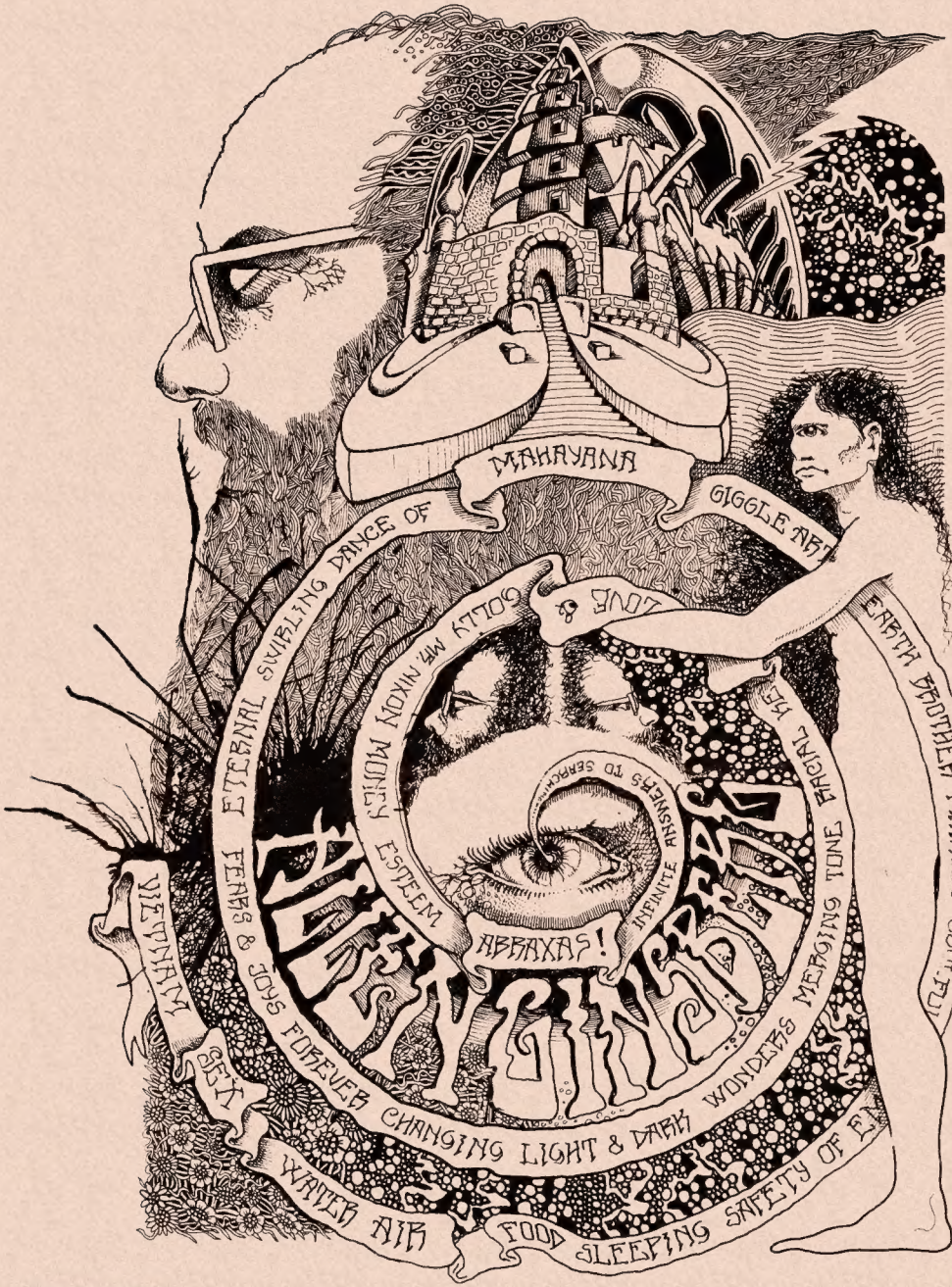
SKY DOLL
RAPE BRITISH NUNS, WILL YOU, YELLOW DEVILS? EAT MOLTEN DEATH!
WE'RE HIT, ROGER! SORRY, OLD FELLOW, BUT HERE'S WHERE I GO ON ALONE!
...Flash back to SKY DOLL, first lady of the air, and her Superplane Roger, Soaring out of the sunset on her never-ending quest against the dread yellow peril...
JAPS! ROGER! LET'S GET 'EM!
...and so, SKYDOLL bails out over enemy territory...
WAIT!
AH SO! I, HON. GENERAL HAYAKAWA, HAVE CAPTURED SKYDOLL, BLOND DEMON FROM CLOUDS! YOU DIE NOW!
IS THERE NO WAY I CAN SAVE MYSELF?
NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, HONORABLE SELF HAS ALWAYS WANTED TO STUDY AT AMERICAN UNIVERSITY, PERHAPS ONE DAY BE PRESIDENT!
IS THAT ALL?
And so we see SKY DOLL and her new friend sailing off into the Rising Sun, destination, California!
HARYETTONS



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